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## Disguise.

HOW manifold in form disguise,  
The lie, the cheat, the would-be-wise,  
The clothing art for form and size,  
Pretended joke, and feigned surprise,  
The smiling lips, the laughing eyes,  
The formal greet, Monsieur, "Good-byes!"  
The stony mien, the silent sighs,  
The funeral tear, how quick it dries!  
The lavish praise as quickly dies,  
Fraud's hollow temples pierce the skies,  
Ambition's hero moans and cries,  
"Philanthropy!" before him flies,  
Who drowns suspicion's true surmise.  
These be, in part, the "whos" and "whys"  
That keep the temple of Disguise.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



## Monasticism: the Mother of Civilization.

JOHN LORD, a Protestant historian, in his *Beacon Lights on History*, says a lot of things. He speaks of Monasticism, and for about ten lines gives a fairly good appreciation of the subject matter. He says: "The fundamental principle of Monasticism appears to be the desire to propitiate the Deity by penances and ascetic labors as an atonement for sin or as a means of rising to a higher religious life. It has sought to escape the polluting influences of demoralized society by lofty contemplation and retirement from the world. From the first it was a protest against materialism, luxury and enervating pleasures. It recognized something nobler than devotion to material gains or a life of degrading pleasure." So far, so good. But he proceeds: "In one sense it was an intellectual movement, while in another it was an insult to the understanding. It attempted a purer morality but abnegated pressing duties, etc." So they all have been in the habit of saying: That monasteries were alright, but—! Well, they all say, too, that 'truth must out,' and it seems that this is again the case here. For while a hundred, or even fifty, or twenty-five years ago, public opinion against the monasteries of long ago was that they were a detriment to the age, a hold-back on civilization and an oppressor of learning, now this opinion is changing. What formerly was treated with contempt, now is deserving praise and laudation. What was regarded as the cause of the Dark Ages, now is called the precursor of light.

The precursor of light in an age of darkness, reaching back over centuries! It was truly an age of darkness after the Empire of the West met its downfall. Barbarians overran the country, seeking naught but plunder; sacking cities, burning and plundering and spreading lawlessness every-

where. It was the time of the migration of nations—the time of the survival of the fittest, nationally speaking. This was the time when monasteries first were founded; when St. Benedict arose, an apostle of light to the world, to found the great Benedictine order. True it is, there were a few monasteries scattered here and there before his time. We even hear of them as early as the fourth century, while the time of St. Benedict did not come till the beginning of the sixth. Yet it was he who first consolidated and called together under one head the vast majority of these outposts of civilization. The monks carried the light of the Gospel into the wilds of Britain, Gaul, Saxony and Belgium, where heathenism still held undisputed sway.

How the rude children of the forest must have wondered when these men came among them, as did the Indians of America when they saw the ships of Columbus. Perhaps they spoke among themselves somewhat after this fashion: "What manner of men are these that have come among us? Their religion is different than ours, and they seem to have other aims. There is something noble before their mind and they always seem to be happy. They neither fight nor quarrel and live happier than we. Let us watch them." The effect on the barbarians was almost miraculous. They saw men practicing new customs and worshiping a new God. They heard the deep and solemn chant of the monks at prayer stealing its way through the still evening air. They heard the tones of the bell rolling over the forest, calling the monks to Matins, and they came and were silent with the rest. They again wondered—these almost primeval men, with the stamp of lion-like strength upon their breast. And finally they, too, dropped upon their knees when they heard the Angelus sending its solemn peal far and wide, and they, too, came when the bell tolled for Matins and sent their little ones to learn the truth from the lips of the monks. But all this was not done in a day. It took a century of time till the mummeries of paganism vanished and the Christian religion was enthroned in the hearts of these men. Newman, telling of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon people describes it beautifully: "In a hundred years the work was done. . . . A brotherhood of holy pastors with mitre and crosses and up-



lifted hand walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard and boys came forth swinging censers and the fragrant cloud arose and Mass was sung and the saints were invoked..... And he who recollected the old pagan times, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvelously was heaven let down on earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below."

Maitland opens up to the view another phase of the subject when he says: "The Benedictines were the first agriculturists who brought intellectual resources, calculation and science to bear on the cultivation of the soil; to whom we owe experimental farming and gardening, and the introduction of a variety of new vegetables, fruits, etc." This method of farming was almost necessary to the monks, for often they were given the most desolate and arid spots which had never before been cultivated. Guizot calls them the 'breakers of new land' and 'pioneers of Europe.' We have all heard of the Isle of Jersey which became so famous on account of its fine breed of cattle. At the time when it was given to the monks it was a desert, while at present its population is six times denser than that of France. The work of the monks continues even at the present time. In Africa, the Trappists follow much the same rules and teach the same principles that these monks of a thousand years ago taught and practiced. The excellence of their work is everywhere appreciated. It is a fact that in the vicinity of Dubuque, Ia., farmers sell their grain and then again buy their seed from the Trappist monastery located there, because it has been cleaned more conscientiously than they themselves would do it. So it was in the centuries long gone by. To one seeking the truth it is clear that while the monks introduced labor among a people that had hitherto lived by war and plunder, they also taught them to work, and thus began the slow process of civilizing a semi-barbarous world. Men saw, though at first dimly, that it was better and safer and more in accordance with the laws of God and man to live by the



work of their hands than to fight the fight of discord—the fight without advantage to themselves, and generally under the leadership of some early robber knight or predatory baron seeking to enlarge his estate.

There are three great divisions into which we might classify all monks:

Firstly, the Benedictines, who founded schools of learning and, as we have seen, also tilled the soil. They were missionaries, in common with all monks, and taught the gospel throughout the land, enduring the rigors of summer and winter alike in the pursuit of their calling. They were teachers especially, and whether as anchorites or cenobites, they scattered broadcast the seeds of learning among rich and poor. They became copyists and gave to us an infinite number of manuscripts which would otherwise have been lost to the eye of man—manuscripts which now kindle the imagination and lend a sparkle to the eye of the student and philosopher. What a monument to their name! Many are the tributes that have been paid to the monks for this part of their labors, but there is none more beautiful than the one contained in these lines of Dobson:—

“Not as ours the books of old—  
Things that steam can stamp and fold:  
Not as ours the books of yore—  
Rows of type and nothing more.

Then a book was still a book,  
Where a whistful man might look,  
Finding something through the whole  
Beating—like a human soul.

In the growth of day by day,  
When to labor was to pray,  
Surely something vital passed  
To the patient page at last.

Something that one still perceives  
Vaguely present on the leaves:  
Something from the worker lent,  
Something mute—but eloquent.”

Secondly, the mendicant orders, who founded hospitals and devoted themselves to preaching. This does not mean to say that they were the only orders to found hospitals, asylums, etc. Others, especially the Benedictines, excelled

in this noble work and were generous in the distribution of alms to the poor. In fact, every monastery was a hospital to all. They furnished entertainment to both man and beast, and were often a refuge of kings and nobles. It is a curious fact that in those days a criminal seeking safety in a monastery would be immune from punishment as long as he remained there. At a monastery near Edinburgh there was even a debtor's corss, and when one had arrived between that spot and the monastery he could not be taken up for any debts.

Thirdly, the Augustinians, who built great and vast cathedrals. Among all the orders they were most skilled in architecture. Their churches have been called 'epics in stone,' and the same may be said of those of the Benedictines. There is no doubt that greatness in the structure of public edifices and especially in churches, elevates the moral status and refines and advances the general intellectual condition of a people. What, then, must have been the influence of the monks for the refinement and civilization of the people of their time through their wonderful churches and abbeys. How the soul of even the humblest peasant must have been elevated when he entered these mighty edifices, and heard the chant of the monks, and saw the mysteries of religion celebrated with unusual splendor.

And now, at last, we come to the element of the artistic and as to how the monasteries were patrons of the fine arts. They were the greatest patrons of art, even greater than the most renowned monarch. Not only this, but the first artists were the monks themselves, and as they were also the only ones who had the least knowledge of chemistry, we owe to them the discoveries of some of our finest colors. As architects, glass-painters, carvers in wood and metal they were the precursors of our modern artists.

Turning to science, we have the Franciscan Roger Bacon and the Dominican, Albert the Great, whose great knowledge in physics laid them open to the charge of magic. But we go too fast. What about the art of music? Did not Pope Gregory, a monk, teach the Gregorian chant, which, as Prof. Ritter of Vassar says, was the very university of music. Mozart at one time said: "I would give up all my



reputation as a musician to be considered the author of the Plain Chant Preface." Need we say anything on the civilizing influence of music?

St. Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard! These names are suggestive of the Crusades which they did so much to start. Although these crusades were followed by much suffering and cost Europe many lives, the benefits derived from them were so many that we will here mention some, because indirectly the monks were again the cause. They helped to break down feudalism. They checked the approach of the Turks for at least three centuries and so gave the young countries of Germany time to amass strength to meet the blow. They brought the people of the West and East together and liberalized the minds of the crusaders. They gave an uplift to commercial enterprise and by giving the incentive to geographical discovery, prepared the way for men such as Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and later Columbus himself. In fact, making a resume of the above, we would say that in this last venture of the works they prepared the civilization of a new time, an era which has gone down in history as the period of the Renaissance.

Considering all these things, it would seem that monasticism, as developed by St. Benedict and others, was the means chosen by Providence to preserve the light of faith and learning in dark and turbulent times and to establish the Christian religion in all parts of Europe. We cannot think of any other human agency that could have done the work so effectively as these monks, living in communities and cultivating both prayer and labor. Entrenched in their monasteries, they were safe from the attacks of the evil minded; they were the one element of stability in times that were changeful and violent. The people were materialistic, but the monks were spiritual; the people despised learning, but the monks cultivated it, and in course of time their influence went out into the land and permeated the entire mass of the people. None could resist it; high and low felt themselves drawn under its sway. All imbibed the spirit of Christ from the monks, praying and working in their cloisters and singing the praises of God by night and day—peaceful, where they were rough and turbulent; loving, where they hated;

obedient, where they were rebellious; self-denying, where they were luxurious and avaricious. It was a combat of the spiritual with the material, and the spiritual won, as it always will.

God bless you! Ye monks of the olden time, who lived the life of the spirit and of self-denial; may the world learn to thank you more. Whether you toiled in seclusion or in public; whether you taught little children the word of God or preached the Crusade before the thrones of kings, your work was not in vain. For no one who follows Christ, who labors among his fellow-men to make them nobler, better and more capable of doing right, has lived his life uselessly. Perhaps—and we know it to be so—ye thousands and ye hundreds of thousands, your works are hidden from the public gaze, but one day when the whole world will meet in solemn conclave, then will your deeds be held up to view in the gaze of all—to the gaze of admirer and slanderer, of believer and unbeliever, and there will be none who with doubt in his heart will ask: “What good have these men done?”

CHARLES W. PFEFFER, '09.





## The Cup of Woe.

HOME! The man refrained from looking up. He could not summon courage enough even to look at the bird singing so sweetly upon the porch. What home? Whose home? But a few days ago Mr. Burns had said that it was his home. The man finally moistened his parched lips, mustered courage and looked up.

It was just a year ago that he had laid the form of his young wife into the grave. After the funeral he had returned alone, heart-heavy and dazed by the sudden affliction to his little boy, and the house that would hear no more the loving songs of the dear wife and mother.

But now the head of this man was bent under a sorrow that was greater than the first, if this were possible. It was from the grave of his young son that he had just returned. A son whose future had been his future and upon whose every act he had looked with paternal expectation. Now the world looked dark and dreary to the father. Verily, all his hopes had been laid into the earth.

For the first few weeks after his wife's death he had given his undivided attention to the child's development. He played with him, studied with him, and watched the young mind encounter new obstacles and overcome them. One day, while in the company of his young son, he received a letter from a distant city asking him to come and look after some business interests.

It was here, while waiting for the train that was to take him home to his son, that a telegram was handed him. Slowly he opened it, with forebodings of a catastrophe.

Telegrams are very common things, but it seemed as if every mind could tell that something unusual had happened to this man, for why did he drop the paper so suddenly? Why did that strong man stare and turn pale? Why did he jump from his seat and stagger from the room so blindly? Yet, few could tell how deeply he had been wounded.

The message seemed to palsy every member of his body. At first incoherent words and sentences were all he could utter, but soon the cloud lifted and the words of that message stood out vividly before him: "Son dangerously injured; come at once." What did it mean? Was it not only a few hours ago that he had kissed the little boy good-by, and had not that boy said: "Papa, come back as soon as you can."

The train was due in ten minutes, but they passed as hours to the man, and when it did come and start again, the few hours passed like days. When the train reached the station he rushed from it to the auto waiting at the curb. From the chauffeur he learned that the boy had gone into a neighboring pasture, where he had been attacked by a vicious bull. The man also said that the doctor had little hope for the child's recovery.

As the auto was coming to a palpitating halt before the hospital where the boy lay, the father jumped from it and in his haste almost collided with the doctor who was leaving. "Doctor, how is my boy?" he said after regaining his equilibrium. The old man shook his gray head and said slowly: "I am sorry, Mr. Burns, but I can do nothing for him." Mr. Burns wished to hear no more, but went silently into the hospital and as silently entered the sick boy's room.

The child was in a fevered state and the man stood looking down at the plump little form—that form which a few hours ago had played capers for his amusement. In about an hour the child opened his eyes. For a few minutes he gazed straight ahead and the brave man could not tell whether he was delirious or not, but soon the boy's gaze turned to his father and rested there. Mr. Burns said nothing for fear of exciting the lad, but at length he stooped and kissed the tiny hand that was nervously passing back and forth over the coverlet.

All through the night the anxious father sat by the bed, praying for strength to bear the blow that would fall before the end of another day.

In the morning the child's condition was worse. So faintly the breath came and went that at times it was only with the greatest difficulty that the father could be convinced



that he was breathing at all. The bell in a nearby church was the first to rouse the boy from his stupor. Laying his soft little hand into his father's he said: "Papa, why don't you go to church?" "Because I must stay and watch my little man," replied the father. As the choir commenced singing he asked to be raised. With great care he was raised to a sitting position, and both father and son listened as the soft strains pealed forth:

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in my train.

"A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Savior's throne rejoice  
In robes of white arrayed.

"They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,  
Through peril, toil and pain"— —

As these last words were uttered, a shudder passed through the boy's body; the head dropped upon the father's arm, and he was dead.

W. J. DOWLING, '09.



## Autumn.

**T**HE fields are brown with Autumn's yield,  
The trees have shed their green;  
And shining brightly through the night  
The harvest moon is seen.

How soft its beams of silver light  
On woods and meadows stream;  
Or on some swiftly flowing brook  
Its wealths of brightness gleam.

Its fleecy veil now curtains all,  
But never dims its light;  
The silver queen rules gently o'er,  
Each frosty Autumn night.

H. GRIMMELSMAN, '10.

## Literary Influences that Wrought on Burns.

IN the world of art, even the dilettante knows that not every work of a master-hand is a masterpiece, perfect in very detail, and what is thus readily evident in the world of art is not less so in the world of letters. In proof of this behold Carlyle's essay on Burns. The characteristic talent of the author, together with his peculiar sympathy for his subject, qualified him to write a remarkable appreciation of the Scottish bard. This appreciation is justly held to be a classic. But classic that it is, it is incomplete, because Carlyle practically ignores the literary influences that wrought on the mind of the poet; nay, not only practically ignores them but actually and designedly minimizes them.

While his reasons for such conduct are obvious, they do not much palliate it. Had the poet warmed his heart at the shrine of Shakespeare or borrowed his diction from the majestic melodies of Milton, undoubtedly the essayist would have traced the extent of their influence. But since Burns was not indebted to such noble and approved good masters, since his literary models were of smaller stature, Carlyle dismisses them with contempt. Herein does he not commend himself to the student of letters. Profitless speculation it is indeed to surmise what Burns might have been had he enjoyed the splendor of English master bards, but it is of practical as well as curious interest to the student to know what lesser luminaries shone on Burns and how he used their light.

These influences are mentioned repeatedly by Burns in his letters, with due gratitude. In one instance he manifested his appreciation more signally, if not more practically, than in mere words. On a visit to Edinburgh, in 1787, he erected a monument on the grave of Robert Ferguson and wrote thereon the inscription—



"No sculptured marble here, not pompous lay,  
No storied urn nor animated bust;  
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way.  
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

But to proceed to an orderly consideration of these influences. Perhaps the very beginning of the consideration should be an inquiry into the literary influences which wrought upon his earliest youth, in his home and at school. Have not the course of studies commenced at school, and the readings encouraged or forbidden at home a decided influence? Yea, they have a greater influence than is often acknowledged. Here it is that in many instances good taste—the prime requisite of a literary man—is properly developed. Here, too, it is that in too many instances a taste for the good, the beautiful, and true is unfortunately perverted and vitiated in its very source.

This misfortune, however, was not the lot of Burns. He was twice blessed in the possession of simple, old, fashioned parents and teachers, who could appreciate intellectual excellence but who valued good morals and religious character as something far better and higher. He was born at a time in Scottish history when the Bible was to be found in every household, not as an ornament for one of the library book-cases, but in daily use. After the evening meal the father would take the sacred book, and, calling all the family around him, would read till the dying embers gave no light. Then, perchance, if some passage appealed strikingly to his soul, he would linger o'er it, and explain its sublime beauties, pathos or grandeur to the children at his knee. Such was the home life of Robert Burns, and such were the influences that instilled into the heart of the greatest yet most pathetic of the Scottish bards, that relentless craving after universal good.

At school he was blessed with the same good fortune as at home. Mr. John Murdoch was his teacher, and although history gives us little or nothing concerning him, we may glean from the high esteem in which he was held by his pupil that he was all that could be expected of an old time country school-master. Fisher's Grammar, a spelling book, and the Bible were then the text books of the school. Mas-

sion's Collections of Songs was used in the reading class. These both Robert and Gilbert, his younger brother, committed to memory with the greatest facility. Robert read and re-read them; recited them in the field and behind the plow, noting the forceful lines and the peculiarities in them that made them so.

It was just about this time that Betty Davison came into his life, and did much to turn his mind to poesy. She was one of these superstitious old ladies, who fill the young mind with strange fears and forebodings. Some of these superstitions remained with him through life. But even these wrought some good, for they brought him closer to nature.

Burns was born to sing. Nature had endowed him with a loving heart and a deep sense of beauty, love and reverence for all things natural, human and divine. She filled his heart with her own spirit. 'Twas nature's workings alone that tempted him to court the Muses.

There is no doubt that his first love, more pure and elevated than his later affections, quickened the poetic impulses within him. As water confined beneath the solid rock surges up until it finds a crevice through which it spouts into a crystal spring, so the gentle emotions and tender sympathies rose within his heart at the touch of love and burst forth in one rich flow of poetic song. A love that inspired such exquisitely beautiful, refined and tender poems as "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven" must have exerted a happy influence on the budding soul of the young poet.

But we are to treat the literary influences that wrought upon him. They were few, but for that reason all the more powerful. He himself attributes that patriotic tone pervading most of his productions to the impressions "The Life of Hannibal" and "The Life of Wallace" made upon his young mind. He became so enthusiastic that he was often seen marching down the street, shouldering a broom-stick, in the poise of a soldier. Nor did these impressions leave him to his dying day. Bruce was his field star, Wallace his Hannibal; and as the true bard of old he sang the praises of his heroes. "The Life of Hannibal," taken as a literary work, is little more than mediocre; but Burns caught its spirit, and poured it forth in undying words so that to it may be attributed, in-



directly, that stanch and living patriotism that is to be found even to this day among the Scots.

These, however, were not the only books which came into the possession of the youthful Burns. Books were scarce among the Scottish peasantry, chiefly because they had not the money wherewith to purchase them, but while Burns was as poor as the rest, he somehow managed to save enough of his little earnings to procure them. It seems that at first he had only those of contemporary authors, especially Addison and Steele, in whom both he took great delight, mostly on account of their simplicity of expression and diction, but especially because of the agreeableness of their subjects. Addison wrote his heart, his convictions, his observations. Burns found in them that singular sincerity which he loved, and for that reason they appealed to his very nature.

His favorite authors were generally of the sentimental kind. Indeed, for this fact alone he seems to have taken a peculiar liking to Thompson and Macpherson. "The Man of Feeling" and "The Man of the World" were his constant companions. He is even said to have prized the former next to the Bible itself. Sentimentalism had a strange attraction for him, and yet it seems strange that such a large, free-hearted man, frank and benevolent, should have been taken thus.

Carlyle asserts that, if the work performed was small, we must remember that Burns was as one standing on the outside of the storehouse of knowledge, without tools to storm the entrance, or material from which to make them. Mr. Carlyle adds, that he is "anxious not to exaggerate." If this be so, then he was either blinded by misdirected zeal or carried away by the rush of his own language.

Burns had the material with which to work. He was born a poet. Nature was his material. Shenstone, Sterne, Ramsay and Fergusson were his tools. It was these tools that helped to make him the master poet of the Scots.

But in prose he fared far worse. We have no specimens of his prose productions except his letters. These were fashioned after a collection by the wits of the reign of Queen Anne. He is, however, one of our best letter writers; that is,

for sentiment only, for traces of artificiality are plainly visible. They have not, except perhaps in those touching on his relation with Jean and Clarinda, that easy flow and simplicity of expression which mark the correspondence that comes directly from the heart.

But in poetry he made a happier choice of models. He read Shenstone often; but just what appealed to him in his works it would be hard to determine. Perhaps his fancy for him can be explained by the sympathetic parallel of their lives. In sentiment Shenstone exerted a great influence on him, but in style it is hardly perceptible.

More visible are the traces of influence which Sterne and Fergusson exerted. Sterne was Britain's greatest humorist, Fergusson was the humorous poet of the Scots. He is best known for his ability in portraying city life and manners; his keen perception of the ludicrous, and even for his original comic wit. His language is at once copious and expressive. These two humorists did a great deal to develop the element of humor in his character, yet they have none of his pathos, grandeur, or burning energy.

It was left to Ramsay to teach him the true Scottish ballad and pastoral art. Burns could not have made a happier choice of a guide than he did in Ramsay. His "Fables and Tales" are comic and induce humor. Nay, they even place their author with Chaucer and Boccaccio. "The Table Miscellany" are without a rival in Scottish song. "The Gentle Shepherd" is the best pastoral in any language. It is written in broad Scottish dialect and abounds in beautiful rural imagery—a real picture told with pleasing sentiment.

According to Ridpath, "it is impossible to overrate the influence which Ramsay exerted in producing, in the following century, the unequalled lyric genius of his great successor, Burns. The treasures of tenderness, beautiful description and the humor which Ramsay transmitted from Dunbar, James I., David Lyndsay, and a thousand nameless national bards, were concentrated into one splendid focus in the writings of the author of 'Tam O'Shanter.' "

It would appear, therefore, that while Burns was unfortunate in many of the relations and conditions of life, he was very happy in the literary influences that he encountered.



They were few, but of the best, and he responded to them with all the ardor of his young soul. Far from impairing his individuality, they served but to call forth the best that was in him, and contributed to give to the world the unique and inimitable Burns.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

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## The Pilot.

HOW sweet to sit in heaven's blue,  
Bedecked with sparkling points of light,  
While over sleeping nature's hue  
Are wrapped the sombre folds of night.

The silent earth, the silent stars,  
A nameless silence everywhere,  
Save with our sister planet, Mars,  
We cleave the vast expanse of air.

As on the ocean's chafing crest  
Midst rocks and shoals, we never feel  
Anxiety for land; but rest,  
While stands the pilot at the wheel:

Thus when all nature seems to hush  
In silent awe at dead of night,  
The soul goes forth and seems to flush  
The senses with a nameless light.

The universe with wond'rous law  
Of space, of harmony and might;  
Eternity then seems to draw  
Imagination in its flight;

Till wearily, as time sweeps on,  
The soul in silence seems to steal  
Into unconsciousness—dreams of dawn—  
While stands the pilot at the wheel.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

## Christian Liberty.

THREE hundred years and more have watched the growth and development of a principle which has changed not only man's relation to his neighbor, but the relation of man to his nation, and of nation to nation. It is the principle of liberty.

The thought of the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, has seized upon the minds and hearts of every civilized people and has filled them with a wild enthusiasm. It has called forth strong, heroic men to champion its cause. Deeds of valor, brilliant flights of oratory, and accents of poetry and song have attended its steady development.

It would be an interesting study to investigate the remote causes of such a movement, but it is sufficient for the present purpose simply to hint at one or the other.

Man instinctively felt the right of civil liberty, which according to Cardinal Newman, one enjoys "when he is exempt from the arbitrary will of others, and when he is governed by equitable laws established for the welfare of society." So, as the world progressed, and as men became more enlightened, they felt less the need of strong, severe rulers, and began to seek their rights as citizens and to throw off the yoke of serfdom. As a result, thrones have tottered and crumbled, statutes of a thousand years' experience have been annulled, and political conditions have everywhere changed. Even religion, though essentially immutable, has been profoundly affected.

Like every other innovation of mankind, the doctrine of liberty had, either in its essence or in its results, grains of false principles. Concessions that had to be made in the civil sphere were quickly misrepresented and demanded in every other line, until today the principle of liberty is widely conceived as pertaining to all institutions, both civil and re-



ligious. To many it has come to mean freedom from the restraint of laws indiscriminately. This too common acceptance of the term was expressed some time ago in Chicago by a prominent anarchist, who upon being frustrated by the police in an attempt to harangue the people of a certain district with the perverted doctrine of anarchy, indignantly remarked: "And is this a specimen of your American liberty? Where is the liberty when one is not permitted to do and say as he pleases? But the day will come, when I will be allowed to do and say whatever I please." The world stands aghast at such a doctrine, such contempt and disregard for law and government. It is a wide-spread conception of liberty worked out to its logical conclusion. What has this acceptance left that man may hope for, since it has not only bred contempt for civil authority, but has questioned the truth of a future life and justice?

Take away or destroy man's belief in the future eternal retribution, doing away with the religious motive for submitting to the unequal distribution of the world's pleasures, and who will censure him for the methods he will employ in procuring the same? Selfishness would then prompt him to break every barrier which severs him from the world's treasury. Then riot and anarchy in its worst form is the policy to which he must cling as for his sustenance; for one of the first laws of the animal instinct is that of self-preservation.

With the Christian, however, the principle of liberty will never extend thus far. His regard for law is ever regulated by the precepts of the Supreme Giver of laws. To him the law is the light-house, the watch-tower in the midst of a desolate region. He respects the law as a protector of his rights and property, as a promulgator of unity and development, and as a preserver against degeneration, strife and decay. He too is sensible of the inequality and the seeming injustice to which he is at times subjected; but for him the bitterness of this cup is seasoned with some consolation, for he is fully assured of the future retribution. He finds in this strife a peculiar strengthening of his powers for virtue. His energies are not expended in vain pursuits of power, wealth and glory. So long as the laws by which he is gov-

erned tend toward the welfare of society, he is willing to sacrifice whichever of his own pleasures the laws demand. He finds a certain pleasure in bringing his life into conformity to the demands of the state. He is taught to respect even the laws and forces of nature, not only because nature is its own terrible avenger, but because it is most closely allied to the inscrutable scheme of his salvation.

The experiences of mankind with these forces of nature should perhaps teach man such virtues as prudence, temperance, etc., but, as a matter of fact, when left to no other avenger than nature, man will not heed and will not be benefited by her gentle admonitions, and will continue to tamper with and defy her powers until at last he is thrown from her protection in disgust among the derelicts, a wreck and a slave to the forces which should have been his servants. Where is the liberty in such a disregard of law? Shall man, the crowning creature of this world, be governed by those things over which he has been given dominion? For the Christian it is not so. He is not only made more sensible of the avenging hand of mother nature, but is more forcibly induced to conform by the knowledge of an all-wise Judge and His precepts. He is thus made master over those forces with which he has to cope and is strengthened for the test by the assurance of a mighty reward. For this reason he is raised above many of the licenses of both state and nature. He does not consider them liberties, for he sees in them the evil results and the guilt attached to the contempt of a divine precept.

Take, for instance, the observance of the sanctity of the marriage state. Nature is too slow and the state is rendered powerless in protecting and commanding respect for this law, upon which depend both the integrity of the race and the foundation of all government. No thinking man can be insensible of the dire result of the presence of such a condition, and yet, many will be bold to class such license under the head of personal liberty. Is this liberty? And is evil to be included in the essence thereof? Far be it removed! The opportunity of doing evil does not belong to the essence of liberty, and true liberty does not depend upon its possession, but is rather impaired by its presence, since it curtails either



the life, the liberty, or the happiness of others. It belongs no more to the essence of liberty than disease, which is a kind of manifestation of life, belongs to the essence of life. Hence, in the event that God somehow seems to turn the evil to some good results, man is not thereby at liberty to do that which is evil for the good that may result from it, for in the end does not lie the justification of the means.

Finally we come upon the all-important question of religious liberty, upon which perhaps volumes have been written and as many more must needs be written to undo the wrong that has resulted from it. Again, the civil and religious rights have been greatly confused. From the fact that the state should not hinder man in questions of conscience does not argue that man has a right to lead his conscience in perverse ways, and to make himself believe in things which cater to the demands of his baser nature.

Should man demand this as belonging to his liberty when the voice of his Maker is heard above the thunder-peal on Mt. Sinai: "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me?" Would not the gradual and inevitable dissolution of sects seem to disprove the theory of freedom in belief? The old argument that "It does not matter what you believe, just so you live right," should soon appear in the light of its own ridiculousness, after having been for three hundred years the phantom straw upon which so many millions have vainly hoped to save themselves. Need we be surprised at the civil manifestations of today, to say nothing of the moral aspect, when, after such a breach has been made through conscience the common flood of errors escapes freely, and soon spreads into all the land and puts every restraint to the test?

What, we may then ask, is the true meaning of liberty as held by Christianity? It is, first of all, as was quoted above, a freedom "from the arbitrary will of others," and the right of government by "equitable laws established for the welfare of society." It is not, however, a freedom from the restraint of those laws, the contempt of which would lead man into the slavery of crime and the passions. Man is never free, never at peace, as long as the guilt of a broken law possesses his breast. He possesses liberty, only when, like a bird in its flight, he brings his whole being into con-

formity to the laws of that state of life to which he belongs, and to the conditions which procure for him that great and consoling boon, the peace of soul.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

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## The Spanish Missionaries.

WHILE history is a better judge than contemporary public opinion, correcting many an exaggerated impression and adding to the reputation of others, it would be too much to say that it has dealt impartially with all men. Owing to the ignorance or prejudice of the early historians, whom later ones have blindly followed, many a character of history appears in a false light. Some have received more than their just share of praise, others have been blamed beyond their desert, while others have been ignored, who deserve to be very kindly and gratefully remembered. It all depends upon the likes and dislikes of the historian, and that of the people, by which the historians are often guided. If the character, lives and influences of certain persons were of a kind to appeal to popular sympathy, they have been exalted, if not, they receive but a scant consideration. To the latter class belong the Spanish Missionaries in America. Individually and as a class they are deserving of the highest regard; the story of their heroism, sufferings and labors, should form one of the finest chapters in our history. But it is usually not told. Instead, their motives have been questioned, their zeal misrepresented, and their successes ignored. Happily, history is being readjusted year by year, thanks to the more impartial, sympathetic and broader spirit prevailing now, and we may hope that the Spanish Missionaries will receive the acknowledgment for their heroic lives and labors, that has been so long withheld from them.

Much of the odium that attaches to the Spanish captains, or soldiers, falls upon the missionaries, because these are



found in their company. But for no reason. The former were cruel, profligate men of adventure, intent only upon their own gain, and with no heart for the natives; but the missionaries were their very opposites. They were as spiritual and unselfish as the others were sensual and rapacious.

From the very discovery, the missionaries of Spain worked with unabated zeal and were active in every respect, exploring the new country, christianizing the Indians, and correcting the abuses of the discoverers themselves. Let the world show forth such another choice and pure soul as was that of Las Casas in Hispaniola. His whole life story is one mighty effort to burst asunder the shackles of the slave in Spanish Colonies. "The mightiest and most effective antagonist (of slavery), "as Fiske calls him, that the world has yet heard of. "Subtract," says the same writer, "his glorious life from the history (of slavery), and we might still be waiting, sick with hope deferred, for a Wilberforce, a Garrison or a Lincoln." Success attended the efforts of this simple-minded friar, and well he merited that it should.

But not only in this part of the continent were the heroes of the cross teaching and converting. With every small band of adventurers went the servant of God, undergoing the same hardships and sufferings,—nay, often giving his life-blood for the cause he had espoused. Does history yet record a deed more heroic, more unselfish than that performed by Fra Marcos Nizza, who at the head of twenty men, marched hundreds of miles over arid and deserted lands, in order to discover and explore the famous "Cities of Cibola?" What motives could have inspired the performance of this seemingly rash act? He did not seek riches, for what can a Franciscan do with these; neither did he look for notoriety, for none of his companions cherished any great hope of ever reaching the pale of civilization again. The very road over which he traveled is even now considered perilous by travelers; what must have been its conditions when it was for the first time traversed. Nothing less than the spirit of Christ impelled him to undertake this journey, in order that he might dispense the blessings of the Gospel to the savages.

If we consider the character of the country in Cuba and Mexico and adjacent regions, and the disposition of the na-

tives, intensely hostile in consequence of the exactions and cruelties of the Spanish adventurers, we can form some conception of the difficulty of the case that confronted the Missionaries. Everything was against them. But their nature was not such as to shrink from dangers or to be deterred by obstacles. With extraordinary courage and fearlessness, these humble friars traversed the dreary wastes of New Mexico, alone and unattended by anything save the crucifix, and taught the wild Navajos and fierce Apaches. The fact that in 1617 eleven churches were in use in New Mexico attests the success that attended their endeavors. Here comes the wild, passionate Indian with a heart full of venom and hatred for the Spanish invaders, but his hatred turns into wonder and astonishment at their kindness, humility, and finally the missionary, striking a response chord in the heart of this child of nature, brings him under the soothing influences of Christianity and civilization,—a feat which all the learning of the New Englanders and all the armies of the United States have so far failed to accomplish.

This brings us to the story of the most successful missions on our continent—those of California. What a pathetic story does not the world read in the history of the Spanish missions there, and what a touching scene is not portrayed to the traveler, as he winds through the verdant valleys and vine-clad hills, dotted here and there with the deserted ruins of ancient mission-houses. These old cloisters tell a tale which it is hardly possible to reproduce in words. They are the living monuments of a civilization which is now almost vanished from these parts; they were the witnesses of a peace and harmony the like of which has never existed between white man and Indian either before or after. Even the names of this veritable Eden attest beautiful friendship and Christ-like charity with which every action was performed. How mellow and gracious do not these names ring in our ears: Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles; sweet sounding as the most exquisite harmony. How romantic do not these grand buildings seem as they stand against the fast-fading twilight. Within these halls, centuries old, stood the plumed and chivalrous cavalier waiting for new discoveries and new adventures.



These missionaries certainly deserve the full share of praise. Before even a thought of building Jamestown or Plymouth had entered the minds of Englishmen, these men had traversed this continent from ocean to ocean, recking not hardships and perils in their endeavor to dispense the blessings of civilization to the natives, and fulfilling in its strictest sense the injunction of Christ: "Go ye, teach all nations."

Their record is written in the pages of this country's history—written so indelibly that it cannot be effaced by the maligners that rise up time and again and try to shiver the rock of truth from its high pedestal. By judging them according to the work they accomplish, the circumstances and obstacles they had to overcome, we find that they take rank with the world's most saintly and heroic men. Traces of their work are still visible over that vast area, and even if time should remove the last vestiges of their activity and influence, we may hope that then the world will have recognized their merit and acknowledged them as the true pioneers of civilization.

JAMES MCINTYRE, '10.

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## The Magic Needle.

AS with trembling, ceaseless motion,  
Like a leaflet on the ocean,  
Like a doubting fairy notion,  
Swings the magic steel;

So the homeless, ever drifting,  
Ever and forever shifting,  
From their hearts a prayer lifting:  
Lord! A Friend! A home!

And the soul, an empty measure,  
Seeks to fill itself with pleasure,  
Restless, till itself, a treasure,  
Rests with Thee, in Thee.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

## Ode to Lagonda Creek.

O BLESSED Muses, take me back to-night,  
Oh back upon thy viewless wings to where,  
'Mid youthful joys, I saw in youth's sweet light  
Rare beauties hovering o'er this world of care.

I heard those songs which only nature can  
Sing to the child, a loving child of thee,  
Whose softer notes are lost unto the man;  
He hears, but not their silent ecstasy.

O sweet Lagonda, still thy numbers ring  
With all their freshness from their highland bowers;  
Still in my heart you ever softly sing,  
As when 'mid childish bliss I culled the flowers,

Which thou didst love to watch the whole day through;  
And when faint-hearted to thy sweet retreat,  
I found them basking there, I loved them too,  
And loved to watch thee smiling at my feet.

The world is still the world, a fleeting thing,  
Its smiles are but the smilings of deceit,  
Its joys are but the joys that sorrows bring,  
Its hopes do but sorrow's tale repeat;

But thou, O fountain of unpassing joy,  
Not these the worldly splendors which you give,  
But calm repose and peace without alloy,  
And rippling songs that bid that peace to live.

And I have loved thee, stream. Thou wast to me  
The kindest friend, when friends I most did need;  
And now, though wandering ever far from thee,  
I turn once more, in fancy, to the mead



Through which you wind your way. I see that tree  
'Neath which I sat through many a twilight hour,  
As in my heart you poured your songs so free  
And held me captive by their haunting power.

O what is it in thee, sweet Lagonda,  
That thou dost call me back upon thy shore?  
Thy waters spring not in the fair Castalia,  
Or down Parnassus' height in tumult roar.

There is no grandeur in thy gentle flowing,  
No surging billows crest thy raging deep,  
But sweetly twixt verdant banks you're going,  
To lull my soul into a gentle sleep.

Was it not then that quietude, that calm  
Which stole into my heart so unawares,  
Or that soft music as a heavenly balm  
Soothed all my sorrows and dismissed my cares?

Now thou art gone, sweet stream of youthful joy,  
The spell is broken, thy enchantments flee,  
But those true beauties which delight the boy  
Shall still remain through all eternity.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



## An Unusual Attitude.

JOHN and George were two lively and prankish brothers, who were continually getting into 'scrapes', and like veritable 'Handy Andys', almost invariably came out the losers, but never the better or the wiser for it.

One day they were left alone in their father's store. Of course, they had their work to do, but as they both were in a mischievous mood, the performance of it did not appeal to them greatly. Their father had consequently not been gone fifteen minutes when the sport began.

In one corner of the back room or shop used for repairing purposes, there was a rope leading to the floor above, where it passed through a suspended pulley. This was used as an elevator in the store. "Alright, George," said John, "Pa wont be back for a while; let's have some fun." George never hesitated when it came to mischief, and he followed his creed that day. He understood at once and was soon at his brother's side, busily tying a sliploop into one end of the rope, whilst John did the same to the other. The preliminaries completed, each inserted a foot into his respective loop, firmly grasped the rope, and was ready for the fun. But George, being younger and lighter, found himself unable to raise his brother very far from the ground, unless he could jump from some elevation. He hardly cared to go up-stairs; besides, the rope was rather long for that. A happy thought struck him, and he got upon a chair that stood near. By jumping from it he was at last enabled to jerk his brother into the air. But what was the height of a chair for two such daring lads?

George's eye caught sight of a ten foot step-ladder near by. He went to the very top of it and jumped off. It worked splendidly, too splendidly. For his heart grew braver, and the next time he reached laughingly for his brother's cap as



the latter shot past him. But missing his brother entirely, he lost his balance, and by so doing gave the rope such a violent jerk that it caught on the side of the well-worn pulley, and he hung head downward a foot from the floor. Neither he nor his brother was able to move up or down.

George, having but one leg fastened and the rope being in a swinging condition, was unable to raise himself upright. At first, to be sure, the happiest peals of laughter bore witness to the queer turn of their sport. But soon they began to think of deliverance from their uncomfortable position. No means, however, presented itself. The jerking to which they resorted served only to exhaust both, and occasioned George, for one reason or other, to long ardently for a change.

The pride in either of them was too great to allow themselves to be caught in such a trap. But that they must cry for help was the thought that slowly and painfully came to their minds from opposite directions. After all, they preferred, if preference there was, to have a friend come in upon them thus, rather than one of their father's customers. But no, John would make another trial. He would let himself down and loosen his brother's foot, who might in turn release him. Accordingly he released his hold on the rope and dropped into a position similar to that of his brother, suspended by one foot. But, alas, he was now in the same helplessness; for he had miscalculated the distance. He could scarcely touch the knot, for such the loop had now become, that held his brother a prisoner. In this plight he was neither able to assist his brother, nor regain an upright position. He was in the same condition as his brother, save that he could grasp the other rope which held George. This, however, proved to be of no advantage. For when he strove to raise himself by means of it he caused his own to recede all the more.

The case was desperate, indeed, when—bang! went the shop door, and the brothers gasped with mingled anxiety and hope. It was Frank, the workman. Ah, good fortune, kind-hearted Frank would free them at once. But Frank seemed to have no business of an urgent nature in the back-room as yet, and started to sweep and dust the front or sales-room. He was soon startled by, "Oh, Frank, come in

here!" Frank came, stood in the door-way, and shook with laughter till his sides ached and a mist was in his eye. But for the boys the situation had lost its charm. They begged for deliverance, and Frank, with a good heart and an enormous smile, granted them the much coveted change. And it was with grateful hearts that they viewed the bright and happy world in an upright position once more.

LEO SPORNHAUER, '10.

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## They Were but Ripples.

(A Rondeau.)

THEY were but ripples bright and gay,  
That sang all night a happy lay,  
As gently down the stream they sped,  
Each with eider down upon its head,  
Armored brightly for the fairy fray  
That in the crystal waters lay;  
But stayed each stranger's passing tread,  
To list to what the ripples said.

They were but ripples.

They met the foe on a little bay;  
Their war-beams flashed, no fairy fled,  
For each one fought, each ripple bled  
As their water spirits passed away.  
The thoughtless stranger sighed and said,  
"They were but ripples."

CHARLES LEARY, '10.





## Day-Dreams.

WHAT a little fellow! And up at five o'clock in the morning. There he stands in the half sunlit road, partly shaded by the dust-covered trees, marking the week-old dust with his little brown toes. What a little fellow! And all his chores to do yet. But, friend, don't disturb him—'tis one of the happiest moments in that young life, to stand all alone, oblivious even to himself and dream—day-dreams. Just day-dreams, and it is his Heaven.

You were once a boy. And perhaps one of those happy ones, blessed far above the city lad, who passed the golden hours of his childhood back on the old farm. Golden memories! Fleeting memories! Carry us back to the time that seems as a far away dream, so deep are we already buried in the world of manhood.

Let me dream the dear old day-dreams once more. What ideals I then had in my childish mind—some that I can recall seem almost laughable, still, they were the creation of the imagination of a child. And they were beautiful. I was once a little fellow, like that youngster there, who is just driving the cattle up the lane, little thinking in his dreams of power and wealth. What a beautiful picture it is against the rising sun. He does not enjoy the work, friend, but those day-dreams that come as music to his task mean so much.

What a little fellow! And yet, how many would change places with him and his dreams!

C. W. PFEFFER, '09.



## On That Auld Fence Rail.

ONE night , as I did wonder,  
As the moon was gettin' pale,  
I set me down to ponder  
On that auld fence rail.

But as I set there thinkin'  
Of many a bygone tale,  
It struck me, heaven was nearin'  
That auld fence rail.

For round about me swarmin',  
How those angel fire-flies sail!  
Oh! how my heart was warmin'  
On that auld fence rail.

Way off in yonder thicket  
Sang the whip-poor-will and quail,  
And my heart throbbed with the cricket  
Neath that auld fence rail.

A cat-bird sang so sweetly,  
With ever so sad a wail,  
That I was lost completely  
On that auld fence rail.

Still I sat there skeeter dodgin',  
Watched the moon move like a snail,  
Watched a wood-peck gayly gougin'  
From that auld fence rail.

Then I knew that God was fillin'  
Every creature's little pail;  
And I saw that He is willin',  
On my auld fence rail.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



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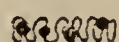
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## Editorials.

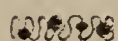
IT is a curious fact, and one that must be noted, that after a year of hard times all the Universities and Colleges of the country have an increased attendance, while they were all counting upon a great decrease. St. Joseph's has started on a prosperous year, having over two hundred students, a greater number than ever before in the history of the College.



WE MUST ADMIT that we are a little late in appearing. Perhaps our friends had already begun to fear that we were no more among the living. No, thank you, we are well, and

alive, and propose to have a prosperous year. It will mean work again, good, solid work, but that seems to be a student's lot—outside of free days. We would be pleased, though, to have the assistance of all the students at St. Joseph's. Of course, the members of the staff can do the work alone, if need be—and if they couldn't, they wouldn't confess it—but we don't want to keep a good thing all to ourselves. So we extend a very hearty invitation to all, especially the members of the higher classes, to use our pages as a medium of giving their ideas to the public. If you have something good, don't keep it for yourself; give others the benefit of it. Perhaps you are a little diffident of your abilities, and afraid of being turned down. Ah, that will never do. Nothing risked, nothing won. Or you agree with Goethe, that "the heights charm us, but the steps to it do not." Well, that brings us back to our original proposition, that it takes work to produce something good, and as you surely want to produce something good, we trust you will not shirk the work. Get out, therefore, and hustle. Don't be wishing, but doing. Put your heart into the work and don't be afraid of criticism. If nothing else, show your good will. Inform our local editor—who, by the way, has the most difficult column of the paper—as to any wise little tid-bits of wit and wisdom and humor that you may chance to pick up.

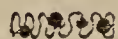
The other night some of us heard a political speech. The speaker in one passage spoke in this wise: "Men of Rensselaer, get into the thick of the fight and do something—something good and true for your country, as your conscience tells you to do it." So we say to you after the same manner: "Students of St. Joseph's, get into the thick of the fight and do something—something for your college paper, the representative of your College, and what one day will be your Alma Mater.



WE ARE GLAD to see that the debate has once more taken its proper place in the programs of the C. L. S. and bids fair to remain for good. The debate should have a primal place in every society, for there is nothing better for the analytical powers of the mind, for reasoning and argu-

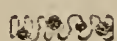


ment, which we all need, for the real study of a question, and for real heart-felt speaking.



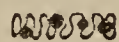
HERE IS SOMETHING too significant to pass by. It was sandwiched in with a bunch of political editorials in a daily paper. "While out strolling one evening this week, the Herald scribe passed a house from which emanated the inspiring strains of music from a piano and also from the throat of a charming young lady. The only words the scribe caught were something about 'dear mother.' Passing on and turning down a side-street, the scribe saw through the kitchen window 'dear mother' with her arms buried to the elbows in a pan of dough, the sweat streaming down her wrinkled face and the hot range enveloping her with its heat. She was singing: 'We'll work till Jesus comes.'"

The above paragraph can and does apply to many children, both boys and girls. Just take a look backward.



ONCE AGAIN this land of America has been enveloped in the smoke of party strife and the flames of partisanship. And yet, we are still alive and none the worse for the experience. We have had our ears filled with the din of many voices, some advocating one thing, and some another. On one side we heard the slogan, 'Shall the people rule,' 'Shall we reduce the tariff,' 'Shall we have government guarantee of bank deposits,' and some more. On the other we heard of no material, radical change. Their real platform was, 'In Teddy's footsteps.'

Well, it is over. And Taft will no doubt make good just the same as Bryan would have done, had it been vouchsafed to him to guide the fortunes of those who inhabit this "land of the free and home of the brave."

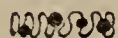


NOT A FEW disagreeable features and incidents there were in the recent campaign, such as the "Cleveland article" and the Hearst or Standard Oil letters, which were no doubt acquired in defiance of a most important principle that the private correspondence of a man shall be sacred, and the fact revealed by these letters, that some of the most prominent party men were tainted with plutocratic gold; but incident-

ally another fact was made evident, namely, that one thing demanded of a public man in a democratic country is character. Nothing else will survive in a campaign. Witness the prompt elimination of the men whose character was scorched by the Hearst revelations.

This is a hopeful sign and a fine argument for democracy. That form of government in which the one thing sought is character, and not birth or social position, or picturesque trappings, is the ideal form. Democracy makes for character; it tends to evolve character, because that is what the people demand. In monarchical and aristocratic governments it is different, or used to be different, because even Europe is now pervaded by the democratic spirit. Military show and pageant, personal grace or nobility of stature, physical prowess, and all that sort of thing, impresses the people. There the romantic and picturesque elements are prominent, here the moral and mental. Here the man's the thing and not the clothes which he wears, or the house in which he lives.

If democracy tends to evolve character, both in the public men and in the people—because these, too, will try to acquire what they admire in their superiors—then it is safe to assert that the future of the world belongs to democracy.



IT IS NOT often that an author dies of whom we are sure that he will occupy a place in the history of literature. Most writers come and go, like the rest of men; they write their names on the sands of time to be obliterated before long. But Joel Chandler Harris is not of these. He will live, not because he has achieved remarkable fame in his life-time, but because he is the creator of a new figure in literature, that of "Uncle Remus." A backward glance at Literature reveals the fact that only those who have done very distinctive work in any branch, who have created a certain new type or class of literature, or invented a new figure, will be remembered for any length of time. All others are forgotten, no matter how much their light shone among contemporaries. The world cannot afford to record the names of any but the originators; the imitators are too numerous. It is



the same in the sciences. In a letter written to the son of Joel Chandler Harris, after the death of his father, Mr. Roosevelt points out this fact. He says: "I very firmly believe that his writings will last; that they will be read as long as anything written in our language during his time is read. To very few writers, indeed, it is given to create one of those undying characters of story, and this was given to Joel Chandler Harris in the creation of 'Uncle Remus.'"

Of more than ordinary interest are also the remarks which Mr. Roosevelt makes further on concerning the ethical value of the writings of Mr. Harris. They are these:

"I don't know whether the purely literary critics would object to what I am about to say; but from the standpoint of our common American citizenship it seems to me that the ethical quality of your father's writings was quite as important as their purely literary value. I never have subscribed, and I never shall subscribe to the doctrine that a man of genius is to be admired, when he so uses his genius as to do evil and not good to his fellow-men; on the contrary, the greater the artist, the more heartily he is to be condemned if he uses his power for mischief, and this is for the very reason that the man of the pen or the brush has at least as much effect upon the national character as the man whose profession is statecraft." Very true, and very creditable, both to Joel Chandler Harris and Theodore Roosevelt.

A fine tribute was also paid to the author of "Uncle Remus" by our own Whitcomb Riley, in an article written for the "Forum," in which he defended the proposition that "Dialect is Literature:"—"His touch is ever reverential. He has gathered up the bruised and broken voices and legends of the slave, and from his child-heart he has affectionately yielded them to us in all their eyrie beauty and loveliness."

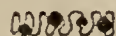
"Uncle Remus" was a voice from the South, and there his memory will live longest, but all his readers, young and old, feel his passing, as that of a personal friend, for Joel Chandler Harris, like Dickens, had the gift of touching the heart. The tears that were in his own heart and the laughter that rang within him were by some subtle influence communicated also to his readers—simply because they were genuine and not feigned.

OUR READERS are no doubt familiar with the grand movement which has grown up in the last few years within the Church, known as the "Church Extension Movement." No one acquainted with the aims of this new Catholic organization, could but wish it God-speed. There is need of missionary activity in this country. Thousands of Catholics are annually losing their faith for want of priestly ministrations. This is a painful fact which we have long tried to overlook. Of the millions of Catholics that have come to our shores, a large percentage have been lost to the Church, because they settled in localities where they could not have the regular services of a priest, or because they were swallowed up by the cities. In almost every town in the country there are several families that were at one time Catholic. In some the percentage of such is very high. Had they been looked after in the early days, and a church provided for them, they would still enjoy the blessings of the faith, and their descendants likewise. Even now there are many towns and localities which contain a small number of Catholic families that are without a church. The inevitable will happen. The children will grow up without religious instruction; they will attend non-Catholic services in the company of their non-Catholic friends and neighbors, and in a few years scarcely a vestige of Catholicity will have remained in that vicinity. Is it not possible to do something for the preservation of the faith in such localities? The Catholic Church Extension Society says that it is; and it has undertaken the task, and we are glad to say, with excellent results. It is directing the attention of Catholics to the crying need of providing for the needs of religion in pioneer districts. If Catholics are properly told of their duty in this matter, and if organized efforts are made to rouse their interest and activity, they will no doubt respond heartily. If we should "do good, especially to those that are of the household of the faith," then there is no more pressing charity for Catholics, for the interests of religion are above all others. There is no good cause that should commend itself more to the charity of Catholics than this. What better investment can be made than to promote the growth of the Church in neglected or newly settled districts? What a rich harvest of souls for



all time to come. The Catholic Church Extension Society, therefore, deserves the enthusiastic support of all those Catholics whom God has blessed in the possession of church and school, and who have the means, howsoever small, to help their needy brother in the affair of his salvation.

After writing the above we learn that at the initiative of the Society and the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, a missionary congress has been called to meet in Chicago, from the 15th to the 18th. It will be the first gathering of its kind in the United States and we have no doubt that it will be the means of rousing the interest of Catholics throughout the land in the noble work of the Society, and all other missionary enterprises.



TO DISCOVER a talent for short story writing among its readers, and to encourage that branch of literary activity, "Extension," the magazine of the Catholic Church Extension Society, announces a short-story contest. The aims of the "Collegian" on this point are identical with those of "Extension." We, too, wish to encourage the writing of short-stories among the students, knowing that this is a form of composition, in which the best talents of the author are called into play. It requires a lively fancy, keen insight into, and sympathy with, human nature, a fine sense for the proprieties of thought and speech, a close observance of men and things, and something of a poetic and dramatic mind, to write a good short-story; all of which are qualities which we should be anxious to develop in ourselves. That the short-story also requires some inventive and constructive ability, and an easy and flowing style, is well known. But we will content ourselves with quoting the marks of the editor of "Extension," Father Francis C. Kelley, which are very much to the point, and should prove helpful to the contestants:

"A story written by a Catholic, or for a Catholic publication, must not necessarily be excessively religious or devotional. We want good, bright, clever short stories, with "go" in them, with characters that have real red blood flowing in their veins—men and women who do things and say

things that any normal, healthy human being might do or say or think.

"The widest latitude is granted in the writing of the stories for our contest. They may deal with any phase of life; they may be serious or humorous. It is not essential that they have a happy ending; at the same time we would like to emphasize that they need not be tragic in their ending. The narrative form of story, while permitted, is not the most desirable, since it is, as a rule, conventional, and rarely passes the point of mediocrity. The best story is the one in which the characters themselves "work out" the story. Character building is an art which the short-story writer must thoroughly study and master, if he wishes to excel in this particular field of literary activity. It may be well, also, to remark, in passing, that there is a decided difference between a story and a mere sketch. The fact that a story is a *true* story will add nothing to its value.

#### RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. All stories must be written on one side of the paper only,
2. It is not essential that they be type-written, but it is preferable.
3. They must contain not less than 2,000 and not more than 3,000 words.
4. They must be written in good, clear English.
5. Eccentricities of Spellings, punctuation, paragraphing, etc. are not permitted.
6. Manuscripts must not be rolled.
7. It is not desirable that the judges in the contest know the identity of the authors until after decision has been made. For this reason, your story should be signed with a fictitious name. Accompanying the story should be a sealed envelope, on the outside of which should be written the fictitious name signed to your story; the sealed envelope should contain a slip with the following:

The story entitled .....  
 and signed .....  
 was written by.....  
 Name.....  
 Street address.....  
 City..... State.....

No other letter should accompany the manuscript.

8. Postage must be fully prepaid, and return postage must be enclosed.
9. All contributions to the contest must be addressed to

EXTENSION MAGAZINE,

Editorial Dept., Drawer S, Chicago, Ill.



The closing date will be announced in a later issue; also the names of the judges, who will be men and women of national reputation.

The prizes are as follows:

\$100 for the Best Short Story;

\$50 for the Next Best Short Story;

\$25 for the Next Best Short Story.

All other stories that prove acceptable for publication will be paid for at our prevailing rate."

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## Exchanges.

THE exchange editor's task is such a delicate and difficult, and, therefore, dangerous one, that we assume our duties with some trepidation. Even the best of critics is not altogether too sure of himself, for critics have been known to err, and, furthermore, to criticise without wounding another's sensibilities is something which many have essayed, but few have accomplished. However, there is a good will among the exchanges, which disposes them to give and take, and on this we shall rely when penning our few remarks concerning an exchange.

The writer of "Indian Summer" in the **Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian** has well caught the spirit of our great American poet, both in movement and simplicity. Your story, the "Missing Stains," is interesting and well handled. But as to your locals, we failed to see anything in them but a gathering of meaningless material. The local department, though perhaps one of the most difficult to sustain correctly, ought to be encouraged, as it reflects student-life, and may serve to add to the good cheer and spirit that should obtain in hall and campus.

Upon reading the "Lines Written on Upsetting a Bird's Nest," in the **St. John's University Record** one is reminded of Barn's Plowing up the mouse's nest. It is a tender, pathetic little poem. "A Plea for the Wage Earner" is well

written and possesses sane views on the subject of such growing interest to us all. The story "Deer and Dear" is catchy in title, and well repays the interest aroused by it.

"Critical Reading of History, a Duty of the Catholic" in the **Dial** is a very thoughtful and systematic essay. It reads well. The poem, "Evening" is highly imaginative. We also like the essay, "The Greatest of the Centuries," for its strongly individual style. It is evident that the "Dial" aims at quality more than quantity, and that it will admit none but the best.

The **Exponent** proved to be a garden full of pleasant surprises. The poetry is simple and tender, the stories pleasing in tone, and the essays thoughtful and interesting, but the most attractive feature are again the illustrations. We congratulate the "Exponent" on its first issue, hoping to find the following ones of a like standard.

"The Old Fiddler" in the **Lorettine** floats along musically and gradually ebbs away, in harmony with the subject. The conversational part of the stories "A Rainy Day" and "Mistaken Identity" are unusually good. "Baby's Smile" is a pretty little musing. "The Humorist" turns out to be quite serious and brings home to us the truth that a smiling face may often hide a bleeding heart.

The **St. Vincent's Journal** opens with a choice poem, "Summer Joys." The author certainly shows that he appreciated nature even during the otherwise thoughtless days of vacation. While the story "Respect for the Aged" is rather a common one in plot, it is not so in diction. It is told in a manner to arouse real interest and feeling and has an ennobling effect. The "Aesthetic Principle," rather a high and difficult subject, seems to be well understood and equally well handled. We also wish to commend the author of "College Comments" for his pleasant, bantering style in dispelling the gloomy mists of the first few days of the school-year.

The **Sacred Heart Echos**, from Sacred Heart College, Belmont, N. C., presents a fine appearance, both without and



within. Well, who would expect differently of a magazine published by young ladies? But what is more, the contents are interesting and the different themes well treated. We like best "A Grandmother's Soliloquy," in which the present is compared with the past from the view-point of an old lady. The piece is very well written, in the proper spirit and style, and reads well. Our best wishes to the young ladies. Their first venture argues well for the future.

The "**Blue and White**" from the balmy Pacific brought a happy variety of things literary. The descriptions are clear, unified and vivid. The essay on "The Negative Spirit" touches a novel and vital subject, and the convictions therein are set down in a way that strikes a responsive chord. "The Curse of a Name" is written in a masterful style and holds our attention to the last. This story calls our attention to an ever increasing disagreeable feature in our colleges, that of giving nick-names, and shows what results may sometimes accrue from it. In the matter of arrangement and make-up, the "Blue and White" excels almost all College journals. The articles stand out well and are of the proper length and variety, and contain nothing but what strictly belongs to the subject. Everything is clear and clean-cut about the paper. Evidently the manager is in close cooperation with the printer and knows what he wants.

For some months we have failed to receive the Notre Dame Scholastic, and regret the fact.

Other journals that have favored us with a visit are: *The Fleur de Lis*, (St. Louis University), *Niagara Index*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Young Eagle*, *Abbey Student*, *Schoolman*, *Patrician*, *Columbiad*, *Nazarene*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *Solanian*, *St. Ignatius Collegian*, *Messenger and Botschafter*, *The Bee-Hive*, *Rensselaer Republican* and *The Democrat*.



## In the Library.

**The Shadow of Eversleigh.** By Jane Lansdowne.  
Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

We are always glad to peruse a Catholic book which is not too religious, and especially so the above mentioned novel, from the fact that it has this quality, and because the author shows herself in an individual light, that is, she takes a plot different from the common run of plots, and treats it in a peculiar way that is seldom attempted in a novel.

The plot carries us back to the time of Henry VIII., and its scene is laid 'mongst the hills and castles of grand Old England. The plot in its abstract is this: It has to do with a death-bed promise, and the failure of the heroine to keep it—a promise which has to be kept, however, before she could know peace or rest of soul. The reader's attention from the very start becomes centered in these beings of long ago, and probably on account of the story being told in the first person, we see the characters almost lifelike before our eyes. It is somewhat of a sad story, but nevertheless interesting, and.... But read it, and you will not say that your time has been wasted.

**Round the World.** Volume V. 97 Illustrations. Benziger Bros.

One of the most delightful series of books ever conceived in the mind of a publisher are these volumes of descriptions of the world's most beautiful and interesting places, industries and customs. Only the most interesting things are here treated—such as one likes to read about, both for pleasure and instruction. That is the unique merit of these volumes that they contain nothing but what is extremely interesting. We cannot speak too highly of the plan, nor of the manner in which it is carried out. Even the sated reader of books of travel and description will enjoy them, and for the average man—especially the young man or woman—they are a garden of delights.



The **Catholic Home Annual** for 1909. Benziger Bros. Price 25 cents.

The present issue of this well-known almanac is again so brimful of good things, entertaining and instructive that we find it difficult to give it the praise which it deserves. To those who are familiar with the "Catholic Home Annual," it needs no recommendation. They would not be without it. Others don't know what they are missing, for although this is the age of a superabundance of reading matter, there is no book or periodical which contains so many good things suitable for the family, as Benziger's Almanac. We cannot begin to enumerate them, but wish to say, that the stories are of unusual worth, and the articles and smaller items of information are of real interest. The illustrations are again numerous and beautiful.

**St. Michael's Almanac** for 1909. Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. Price, 25 cents.

We are very glad to make the acquaintance of this younger member of the Almanac family. It is the first time that he has presented himself at our office, and we wish to say that the impression created is a very favorable one. The contents are varied, and of no little interest, and the illustrations are good. One of the things that pleased us most is an article entitled "The Conquest of the Air," by Captain Hildebrandt, in which the author reviews all the efforts that have been made to navigate the air. It is a splendid article, copiously illustrated. Many other articles of interest and things to amuse and entertain, are contained in this annual.

**St. Michael Kalender.** Techny, Ill. Price, 25 cents.

A wealth of good fiction, with real heart and soul in it, and numerous illustrations characterize this almanac. We recommend it heartily to all that have mastered the German language sufficiently to read it, and to Germans themselves it will be a most welcome messenger from the fatherland.

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## Personal.

IT has been stated repeatedly in these columns that we are glad to receive the communications of the Alumni, on subjects that they may think of general interest. The circle of our Alumni is ever widening, but we are sure that the bond between themselves and the College is as close as ever, and more so. It can be strengthened even further by writing to the "Collegian" from time to time. Let it be a newsy, chatty letter, and it will be enjoyed by all. We have received a few in the past, and take pleasure in publishing the present one, which, though merely personal, and not written expressly for the "Collegian," will be pleasant reading to the boys.

Sept. 27, 1908.

DEAR FATHER G:

Were it not for your kind and forgiving nature, you would have undoubtedly often reflected upon the words of King Lear, "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!" with an application to me for my negligence in answering your encouraging letter. However, your own statement of last summer must be my excuse; viz., that I am as an iceberg, cold and irresponsive, a person that thaws up at certain intervals only, and these occurring but seldom. *Atqui modus agendi sequitur modum essendi*; and therefore it must follow, as the night the day, that my very nature—not to mention other circumstances—caused my remissness. By the way, do you still indulge in philosophical disputations? Perhaps you can find some flaws in the above syllogism. I say "perhaps," not because I doubt your philosophical abilities, which you have exhibited often enough, but because the syllogism is true.

Undoubtedly, yours is another instance of history repeating itself. As Socrates became to his scholars a much beloved tutor, so have you, by this time, unquestionably gained the esteem and confidence of your pupils. But unlike Socrates, who was a sculptor by profession, you have become a teacher, striving to shape the souls, the intellects, of men. May success attend your efforts!

We also have now entered deeply into our studies. Philosophy presents its intellectual charms and proves very interesting. In Ethics we have by this time learned the essence of TRUE happiness; hence we can also the more easily strive to acquire it; for, *nihil volitum nisi praecognitum*. Oh, that none of us may turn in the wrong direction to obtain our final happiness, our only true happiness! For general introduction to Sacred Scripture, we have a new author, F. Gigot. These branches,



together with Church History, which yet contains fountains of much untasted knowledge for us, are sufficient to keep us continually occupied. Yet all is easy, when we reflect that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

Your former camerlengo has not yet returned from the hospital. All the others are well in body and happy in mind, at least as far as my knowledge of their condition goes. But sufficient for us all are the days of doubt and perplexities.

Since brevity is the soul of wit, and since the evening in cloudy mantle clad, walks down the western Carthage hills, I will hastily conclude this letter, with an apology for my frequent quotations; but lacking the originality of a true genius to coin my own phrases, I like to clothe my thoughts with the beautiful garb of poetical and philosophical expressions, once used by the great men of old. With best wishes,

Sincerely yours. HERMAN J. GRUBE, '06.

The present year has again brought a change in the faculty. Father Basil Didier, C. PP. S., our professor of French, was transferred to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, Chicago, to act as chaplain of that large and well-known institution. We are sure that there Father Basil will soon win for himself the same popularity that he enjoyed at St. Joseph's, and that his new position will afford him the means of doing much good. The thanks and good wishes of the students are with him.

It is with glad hearts that we extend a welcome to the new member of the faculty, Fr. John Gormley. During the past two months we have learned to admire and love him as a teacher and friend and as a man of wide attainments. *Ad multos annos* at St. Joseph's.

We also extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Geo. J. Gordon, who has joined the faculty as teacher of First Academic. The young students have found him a kind teacher and friend.

Among the visits that we have received within the past month, we have enjoyed none more than that of the present Governor-elect of Indiana, Mr. Thomas R. Marshall, then a candidate for that office. Mr. Marshall impressed the faculty and students most favorably by his dignity and sincere earnestness, and from his little speech, which he made in the Gymnasium hall, we gathered that he is a man of high principles and aims and a deep student, and that he has a better

understanding of the aims and results of Catholic education, and the influence and nature of the Catholic Church, than that possessed by the average educated non-Catholic. We have no doubt that Mr. Marshall will be a most capable and conscientious executive. The victory he has won is a fortunate event for the state, and a personal triumph for him, and we beg to tender our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

We have also had a visit from Mr. W. T. Blythe, state director of the weather bureau service, who came here to look after the interests of the local weather bureau station, which was recently transferred from Rensselaer to Collegeville, and placed in charge of Prof. C. L. Klosterman. Mr. Blythe is a man of science, and a deep student of nature and her phenomena, and we would have been glad to hear him on the subject of the weather and the causes that determine and influence it. As it happened to be a free afternoon, and most of the boys away, it was impossible to arrange for an address on that day, but we look forward to a return visit, when we shall be pleased to hear him on this most interesting subject.

Other visitors were: Very Rev. Boniface Russ, C.P.P.S., Provincial, and Rev. George Hindelang, Secretary of the Community of the Precious Blood; Rev. William Flaherty, '04, Wabash, Ind.; Rev. Francis Koch, '97, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. Thomas Hoffman, Richmond, Ind.; Rev. Francis McCabe, Gas City, Ind.; Rev. Charles F. Kiser, Monroeville, Ind.; Rev. Justin Henkel and Rev. John Mullen, C. P.P. S., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Thomas Jansen, Gary, Ind., and Rev. D. A. Coffey, Mingo Junction, Ohio.

Of the laity we remember the following:

Mrs. Kirchen, Mrs. Retinger, Mrs. Cluetsch, and Mr. Van Tuyl, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Kamp and Miss Kamp, Wheaton, Ill. Mr. Buescher, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, and Mrs. Hayes, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, and Mrs. Carr, Indianapolis, Ind. Miss Griffin and Mrs. Hoffman, Richmond, Ind. Mr. Sirois, Miss Sirois and Master Sirois, Shelby, Ind. Mr. Fred Hipskind, Mrs. John Hipskind, Miss Josephine Hipskind, and Mrs. Marie Koester, Wabash, Ind. Mrs. Heinlein, Fostoria, O. Mrs. Beckman, Ottawa, O. Mr. Spornhauer, Celina, O. Mrs. Heinlen, Garrett, Ind. Mr. Connelly, Paris, Ill. Mr. Mellady, Otterbein, Ind. Mr. L. Goetz and Master A. Goetz, Fowler, Ind. Mr. Frank Hanley, '03, Muncie, Ind.



## Societies.

**Columbian Literary Society.** With much enthusiasm the C. L. S. resumed the year's work on Sept. 20th. Most of last year's members have returned, and the ranks have been considerably swelled by the admission of the following new members: L. Tiely, Chas. O'Donnell, L. McGurren, Richard Williams, L. Dufrane, C. Burkhardt, F. Burke, A. Shiele, C. Minick, John Meyers, A. Copenolle, W. Sullivan, J. Tekath, L. Zucal, Clement Crock, M. Dwain, Geo. Aman, P. Moriarity, J. Anheier and Raymond Steffel.

Three former members, Messrs. Eppley, Pax, and Neumeier were readmitted.

At the elections held on Oct. 4th. the following members were chosen for the various offices.

Pres., V. Williams; Vice Pres., Louis Nageleisen; Sec., Mr. Otto Peters; Critic, Mr. Leo Faurot; Treas., Mr. Charles Buetle; Marshall, Mr. Roland Carmody; Ex. Com., Messrs. Henry Berghoff, Jas. McIntyre, John Bennet; Libr., S. Reichert; Advisory Board, Messrs. V. Williams, L. Nageleisen, J. McIntyre, L. Faurot, Chas. Pfeffer.

On Oct. 21st. the Columbians entertained a large audience with a choice and delightful program.

The following are the different numbers:

1. Baron's Bride .....Band.
2. Inaugural Address. "The Aim of the Scholar"..Mr. V. Williams.
3. Comical Selection. "The Apparition".....Mr. Roland Carmody.
4. Debate: Resolved that Bryan is a Better Man and more fit for the office of President than Taft.  
Affir.....Mr. Leo Faurot.  
Neg.....Mr. Jas. McIntyre.
5. Recitation. "The Raven".....Mr. Otto Peters.
6. Humorous Selection. "Political Stump Speech"....Mr. Geo. Pax.
7. Music. "Hurrah for Taft and Sherman"..... Band.

On the whole the program was a very interesting and agreeable one. The interest was centered principally on the debate, as is always the case, which shows that debates are very popular with the listeners, and if we have had but few lately it is due to the fact that the prospective speakers were averse to the work of preparing for them. The discourses on

this occasion showed very careful preparation and were delivered with much spirit, as befitted the subject.

**Aloysian Literary Society.** Under the guidance of their Moderator, Fr. Meinrad, the Aloysians are steadily progressing. At a meeting held Oct. 4, they chose the following members as their leaders for the ensuing term:

Maurice Pauley, Pres.; Otto Birkmeier, Vice-Pres.; Leander Vurpillat, Sec.; Joseph Reid, Treas.; Messrs. Fralich, Mestemacker, and Conlon, Ex. Com.

The society, also admitted the following gentlemen: Messrs. Emil Mark, Herman Laugers, John Bennet Jr., Lawrence Ward, Alfred Kihm, Chas. MacArdle, Lawrence Minster, Alois Hiss, Joseph Laure, Robert Fitzgibbons, Paul Van. Tuyl, Wm. Koester, Byron Hayes, Paul Brunner, Earl Sirois, E. Welter, Cornel Sweeney, Alfred Horris, Herman Kamp, Albert Osterloh, Leo Welch, Cyril Carr, Vol. Schmitz and Gerald Fitzgibbons.

The society will make its first appearance before the footlights, on Thanksgiving Day. They are now busily engaged in preparing a short play for the occasion.

**The Marian Sodality.** On Oct. 4th. the Sodality met to honor their patroness. The following were elected for the ensuing term: Mr. Louis Nageleisen, Prefect; Mr. Charles Pfeffer, 1st. Ass't.; Mr. E. Neumeier, 2nd. Ass't.

At a private meeting of the officers on Oct. 19th. Mr. Jos. Nageleisen was appointed Secretary and the following were appointed consultors; Mr. Chas. Buettle, Mr. August Berghoff, Mr. Otto Stallkamp, Mr. Otto Birkmeier, Mr. Jos. Eason, Mr. Edward Horn, Mr. Fred Coffield. The applicants who successfully pass the requisites for admission will be solemnly received into the society on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th.

**St. Stanislas Altar Society.** The altar-boys society has grown to be quite an extensive organization. It now comprises some thirty members, and under the leadership of Fr. Simon, is continually progressing. At a meeting held during the past month the following received an office: Mr. Jno. Berghoff, Pres.; Mr. Aug. Kistner, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Jos. Eason, Sec.; Mr. Leon Dufrane, Censor; Clarence Horn, Sergeant-at-Arms.



The society means to celebrate the feast day of their patron Saint with due solemnity.

**S. J. C. B.** To the sound of sharp commands and the steady tread of marching companies, a competitive drill was recently held. The various companies under the command of Major L. M. Nageleisen presented an excellent appearance. The drill was executed with no mean skill and is only indicative of the showing the organization will make at its public appearance on Thanksgiving. Four companies have been formed under the leadership of Captains, V. Williams, J. Nageleisen, H. Berghoff, J. Vurpillat.

With Major L. Nageleisen at its head and V. Williams as 1st. Adjutant and E. Neumeier as 2nd. Adjutant the military should enjoy a most successful year, and give us some good exhibitions of the Military art.

JAMES MCINTYRE, '10.

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## Athletics.

AFTER the return of the various stars that represented St. Joseph's Athletic Association on the field of sport last year, we are again in high hopes for a good year in Athletics. With but a little nerve-staying power and a "root, root, root for the home team" when the test comes, St. Joseph's boys will have great chances to carry off the lion's share of the spoils. The election of officers was held on Sept. 13, and the following men were elected: Pres., Vincent Williams; Sec., Charles Pfeffer; Treas., Henry Berghoff. The result of the count in the election for the members of the Board of Appropriations, which took place Sept. 20, showed that the following would compose "the August Board:" G. Hasser, J. Bennett, A. Link, M. Pauley, L. Nageleisen, L. Faurot. At the same meeting J. Bennett was elected General Manager of Base-Ball; E. Neumeier, of Tennis and Polo; V. Williams, Basket Ball; G. Hasser, Foot Ball; L. Faurot, Gymnastics. Father Theodore Saurer will be with us again this year as Director, to help us master the little difficulties that we may encounter.

## FOOT BALL.

A spell of gloom was cast over the foot-ball enthusiasts when it was learned that there would be no Varsity eleven this fall, owing to the lack of material and experienced men. Those being most available were ineligible, owing to the fact that they were not up in their studies, or were barred from playing due to a faculty rule, which demands that all who participate in foot-ball games must have the permission of their parents or guardians. With such serious problems confronting the manager, it was finally concluded not to arrange for any games.

A very clever and swift collection, named the "Mystics," met and defeated the "Independents" of Rensselaer, Oct. 25, by the onesided score of 27 to 0. At no stage of the game was the "Mystics'" goal in danger. After three minutes of play Fralich secured the ball on a fumble, and making clear of the tackles, scored a touch down. The most sensational plays and gains were made by Capt. Brunner, Baar and Retinger, while Wilcox and Rhoades starred for the "Independents." The "Mystics" played in wonderful style, making many spectacular runs, resulting from forward passes.

The "Mystics" that had performed such admirable work the Sunday previous, were surprised Oct. 28, and went down in defeat at the hands of "Sliver's Choice." The "Mystics" showed great ability in punting and swift advancement with the ball, but were not strong enough on the offensive. McGurren, Besinger and Fralich made the most conspicuous gains for the "Slivers" by the 'straight' style and long series of line plunges. With the exception of a few fake line-bucks used by "Sliver's Choice," the game was devoid of scientific moves. The last half ended with a score of 30-0, in favor of "Sliver's Choice."

The Juniors, under the captaincy of F. Coffield, within the past few weeks have been exhibiting some very brilliant work by completely outclassing their rivals from Rensselaer.

## BASKET BALL.

The Foot Ball aggregation giving up all hopes of organizing, took immediately interest in Basket Ball. At present the Captain is putting his team through a whirlwind practice and hopes to have them in prime shape by Nov. 28. With the number of games Manager Williams has scheduled, and with the return of L. Nageleisen, C. Pfeffer and W. Dowling, the season promises to be of unusual interest.

VINCENT WILLIAMS, '09.



## Localisms.

Dear Readers:

'Tis said that the failure or success of a local column depends on the person placed at its head. I would like to shift the responsibility and therefore maintain that it depends on the student body. If this statement is true, the locals should be pretty fair this year, for there is some great material among the boys. Just think of Oste's grin and Luegge's perambulators, why, they are sufficient to make Bryan's mascot laugh. Cope has promised to be a sort of walking farce if Jack agrees to second his efforts; as Jack always was good-natured, we have great hopes from that quarter. Dan will furnish the political jokes, Hiram the historical ones, and as Hank has proven a good scout in the refectory, it is to be hoped that he will succeed as a local reporter. The outlook is encouraging, enough to make a weeping willow quit drooping.

The Collegeville Cartoon Fiend: "The Chinese are making a great splash in the world."

Professor: "Yes, especially in the laundry."

Soc: What's the matter, Pete?

Pete: (looking around him) I can't find it.

Did you notice how quickly Henry's pompadour disappeared after the last rain?

Minster: Say, you, ven you vas in Zinzinnadi, did you zee dem dog ketchers ketch dem puppies every morning?

Gus—What is Andrew doing?

Osterloh—He's out in the field shedding corn.

Pocahontas has opened a hair-dressing parlor and Pete has earned the place of assistant.

Is there anything a college boy enjoys better than eating? Yes; receiving mail. Who said a boy has no feeling? That person should watch the general scramble and rush for

the study-halls on mail-day, and see the different expressions on the faces of those who have been disappointed and on those who have received their weekly mail. Free ice-cream could not be looked for more eagerly than boys look for a letter or a postal. No need of publishing to anyone that a boy loves his home. His actions on mail day will speak for him.

### Rather Hard on the Poet.

A poet stood on a street-car track,  
'Twas dark, tho' the stars were bright,  
He thought of all else but the car,  
When he saw a distant light.  
And he mused to himself as he gazed at it then,  
"Beautiful star! Gleam from afar!"  
But when he awoke, he'd been tossed by a car.

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### At Midnight.

There was silence in the class-room  
There was silence in the hall,  
For the time was long past midnight,  
And the boys were sleeping all.

Then at once a sound of talking  
Broke the stillness of the night,  
And the boys aroused from slumber  
Listened with strange delight.

For a dreamer spoke of foot-ball,  
Spoke of kicking, spoke of meals;  
Spoke of all his many troubles,  
How the life in College feels.

Then the air resounds with laughter  
Which they tried to hush in vain,  
Till they heard the prefect coming  
Stepping softly, ears astrain.

Then he said unto the culprits:  
"Do be quiet in this place!"  
But the speaker in his slumber:  
"Quit your kiddin', I'm on base."

Meyers—Cyrus sent his soldiers from an oasis into the desert; there they were drowned in a sand-storm and Cyrus lost track of them.

Hank—Gee! that's a peach.



## The Genesis of a Good Resolution.

I.) A cornfield; a watermelon patch; a ripe watermelon; a little boy; a great hunger; a stolen feast; gluttony. II.) A bed; a sick boy; a fond mother, a bitter dose; a quick recovery. III.) A confession; an angry father; a wood-shed; a long stick; a few blows; a series of howls; a painful sensation; a cushion; remorse; a good resolution.

Heine—Its a blessing that it rained, otherwise the forest fires would have destroyed Post, but now that the cold is here, won't the Buetle bugs freeze?

Soc—What funny things college boys say.

Reichert and Bud are friends of old,  
Joe and Joseph are bound by one tether;  
But everyone else is out in the cold,  
When Leuggers and Hank are together.

Link will not answer the boys who are anxious to know what political job will fall to his share, but he states that his friend George is sure of a good paying one.

Gus—Why do you powder your face.

Coonie—To hide my whiskers and make people believe I am as young as Dan.

When Hi scratches his head look out for a joke. (Prov-erb.)

Soc says that no excitement will keep him from enjoying his dinner after this. Too bad he did not think of that last year.

In the class-room:

"These boys touched the beehives and were stung by the bees."

"Hi pueri apiaria tetenderunt et ab avibus puncti sunt."

"Romulus and Remus sucked the milk of a she-wolf."

"Romulus et Remus lac vulpæ suxerunt." (No wonder, they were so 'fox y.'

"What do you think of it? There is a trust in Collegeville." Thus said "Spectator," who is a sort of a compound between a raven and a dove. First he frightens, then he composes the mind. We were all thoroughly frightened at his declaration; for are we not all staunch Democrats with regard to corporations? How could we imagine a trust in the midst of tall and slim college boys, since such an institution must have short and fleshy members? When we were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, "Spectator" began to calm our fevered minds. "The trust," as he said, is not like other trusts, because it is fairly and ably managed." Our fright then gave way to curiosity, which was increased when he said that the Third Commercial were the managers of the corporation. Just to think of it! The most democratic and sociable fellows turned into monopoly holders! Truly it was astounding! At last we learned the whole truth. These boys are not fond of being overworked, and when they were called upon to do too much typewriting for their fellow students, they sought a way of gracefully sidestepping; so they formed a trust. Now, when a boy wants any typewriting done he has to accompany his request with a few pennies. As money is scarce, the Third Commercial have a pretty easy life. Foxy fellows! — But to think that they instituted a trust on a firm basis and had it well started before any of us knew anything about it! Oh, ye drummers on the keys; wait till our chance comes!







VIEW FROM THE CAMPUS.

